

An Alluring Abandon

A GARDENED GLADE

CULTIVATED BY HYPATICA.

IN MAY TIME.

Did you ever go to a Kindergarten closing? No invitation? What of that? Go away. When children invite they are never very great respecters of persons and though unconscious of it, they want your presence if you only love them and respond to their winning ways. Besides printed invitations are all well enough and should be treated with respect by the one who gets them, but the other fellow need not necessarily feel left out. Isn't there a chance that your invitation while making for you fell among thieves or "followed a wagon out of town"? And, if the worst comes to the worst you have a very easy barrier to climb. How in the world is the man at the door going to tell for a surety whether you are invited or not?

But, to return, hearing that a kindergarten closing was to be held in that roomy Auditorium on the 31st of May, Hypatica, who had been feeling "blue" and sweater-depressed for some time, made up her mind to venture in invitation or no invitation. And barely had she become seated when her emotional temperature began to rise and has kept rising ever since, thanks to "that inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude." The space allotted to parents and friends was quickly being filled with eager, expectant faces. And, no wonder! From a side door came the sweet and happy prattle of excited children who were anxious to be up and at the proceedings. Presently, on they came, two by two, each bearing a dainty basket of flowers and singing as they advanced.

"O, come to the woods and let us play
For 'tis our flower day."

Followed by many a lusty "Hurrah!" And what did they not sing? Their voices united in joyful songs of the returning birds with their freedom of flight and gaiety of song; of the gentle rain with its whispers to the seeds and flowers.

"To the great brown house where the flowers live,
Came the rain with its tap, tap, tap,
And whispered Violet and Snow-drop
And Rose."
Your pretty eyes you must uncloze,
From your long, long, winter nap,
Said the rain with its tap, tap, tap.

"To the doors they peeped with a timid grace
Just to answer the tap, tap, tap,
Miss Violet courted a sweet "Good-day,"
And they all came nodding their heads
So gay.

And they said "We've had our nap,
Thank you, Rain for your tap, tap, tap."

They sang of the golden sunbeams,
Those busy little workers, who from the great centre of life and light,
To crown all on this, their May festival,
They sang of lovely, lovely May.
But the song that went to old Hypatica's heart and fairly melted her to tears, ran something as follows:

"Weave a little basket
Fill it up with posies,
Roses from the garden,
Blossoms from the wood;
With our fondest wishes,
With our songs and kisses,
Bring them to our parents,
Dear and kind and good."

Then all those little ones, there must have been eighty of them, gathered up those pretty little tokens and gave them to their mothers, whom they had spotted in the crowd. If anything could touch a mother's heart (mothers are soft-hearted to a proverb, you know) it must be some simple expression of love from the hand of her little five-year-old.

The scene changes and director and assistants put before the children those little occupations which seem so simple to grown up people, yet necessarily turn the child's activity into a definite channel. The child on the street suffers not for the lack of activity, but for the lack of definite ways and means of expending his energies. The Kindergarten supplies all this lack by little occupations which increase in complexity with the child's growing powers of mind. The visitor at the Kindergarten could not but be struck with the difference between the work done by the four-year-old and the six-year-old. And the material is so arranged as to give the child concrete and lasting impressions of form, number, size, direction, proportion, etc., ideas which can not fail to be of use to him in his after education, at least so it strikes an observer.

Again the scene is changed and a regiment of soldiers takes the floor and marches two by two, with drums and triangles. In circuitous route, now in, now out, they wing their way, every little soldier keeping step to a well-marked march. For all children have an instinctive love for rhythm. An able writer on the subject goes on to explain: "Why do children love rhythmic games? Why do they and song? Why does the sailor work better for his 'Yo-heave-o' and the soldier march and fight better for the first pet and drum? Why were the first dances regularly repeated leaps, the first poetry metrical chants, the first musical instruments those which marked off or measured sound? Why can we speak of a scale of color and define architecture as frozen music? Why do we feel that in a very deep and true sense music is the soul of all the arts? Why do we cherish Job's thought of the morning stars singing together for joy, and cling to the Pythagorean conception of the music of the spheres? These questions are answered by reflecting that art is the self-reflection of spirit and hence that all its products must bear the image of consciousness, which is the distinctive characteristic of spirit. Consciousness is 'the knowing of the self by the self.' This implies an annulled distinction between subject and object. Such an annulled distinction is identity, and the ever-repeated movement from distinction to identification, can be described by no better word than rhythm. Hence all rhythmic movements and all rhythmic sounds may be translated into the timeless affirmation I am I. Finally since the world is the self-revelation of the divine mind it too is a work of art into which the Supreme Artist has breathed His own life. Quickened by this insight, I remember with pleasure that the very word rhythm, points by its derivation to the undulating stream. The swaying grass, the waving wheat, the rhythmic flight of the bird, the constant color of flowers, touch me with new emotion. I find deeper meaning in 'the primal chimes of sun and shade, of sound and echo.' I picture to myself the many courses of the stars and their harmoniously proportioned periods. I behold the 'dance of nature forward and far' and hear the very 'atoms marching to a tune.' At least I learn from science that 'the flux of power is eternally the same, that the rolls in music through the ages, and that all terrestrial energy, the manifestation of life as well as the display of phenomena, are but the modulations of rhythm.' Then my soul is filled with mystic awe and in the ceaseless pulsations of persistent energy, I read the cosmic proclamation of that great name by which God revealed himself to his ancient people—Jehovah—the absolute and eternal I Am. And so the infant, a rhythmic soul in a rhythmic body, is born into a rhythmic universe.

But come back to the closing. Now these children are butterflies flitting from flower to flower, and again they are birds on the wing. Lo! farmers now! And as such, they plow and reap and thresh and lie them down to rest at noonday in the orchard's shade. But, look! ten or twelve of them are surrounding an ingeniously contrived pole all "covered and embowered" in flowers and ribbons. Is it it, the happy old May-pole. With skill they weave and interweave and unweave the pretty bands of pink and green. Not one mistake. Well done, little ones! We'll come again to see you, for this song filled our hearts as we left you at that day:

The loyal roses reddened
And smiling deck the sod,
The world is like a picture
Where the green fields smile to God;
The birds in all the branches,
Are singing to the blue,
And the winds that wave the tree-tops,
Toss the blossoms over you.

For it's May-time, it's May-time,
And all the world is bright,
And love is in the sunshine
And the golden stars of night.
Oh, the splendor of the gardens,
And the glory of the green,
Of banks of singing rivers
Where the lovely lilies lean!
The little fairy waltzes
Of far-off cattle bells,
And the thrushes' silver music
In the dim and dreamy dells!

For it's May-time, it's May-time,
And all the world is bright,
And love is in the sunshine,
And the golden stars of night."

HYPATICA.

NO OTHER LIKE IT
PAINE'S CELERY
COMPOUND
The Most Famous Of
Medicines.

IT MAKES SICK PEOPLE WELL.

Honest merit and strict fulfillment of every promise made to suffering humanity, have combined to place Paine's Celery Compound on the highest round of the ladder of fame. Its praises have been sounded by men and women in every walk of life—by the humiliated, but equally grateful people, Paine's Celery Compound is established home medicine of the large majority of our Canadian people. It is a medicine full of healing, strengthening and health-giving power. It nourishes the delicate, nerve fibres, sustains strong heart action, and keeps the stomach, liver and kidneys in vigorous health.

Mrs. G. Durant, of Elms, Ont., briefly gives her experiences with Paine's Celery Compound.

"For many years I have been a sufferer from liver troubles, and have doctored with several physicians, but only found relief for a very short time. My husband advised me to try Paine's Celery Compound. I did so, and found so much relief from the first bottle that I continued, and am now using the third bottle. Your compound has done more for me than any physician. For months before using the compound I never had one night of sound sleep; now I can go to bed and sleep soundly and naturally, and feel like a new woman in the morning."

WHAT'S WORN.
The advent of the whole wash dress heralds the popularity of the sash. It will make its appearance on the

SERIES OF SIDELIGHTS

EDITED BY HELEN HALL.

A SATURDAY MORNING ON KING STREET.

"And the sun came up and all the land was bright," might be considered fitting to apply to this bright Saturday morning in June. The sun has certainly returned to the earth. Then one asks oneself—Have the people returned to King street? A sailor is donned and, we saunter out to see. On the threshold a voice from within calls a halt—Aren't you going to take a basket? What for? is asked. Then in utter incredulity comes the answer—Don't you know to-day is Saturday! That seems to settle it and the basket becomes part of the walking outfit.

As soon as the street is reached you feel it is Saturday. Even on the side streets there is a hurry and bustle not to be found on other days. Our Wednesday friend, the busy little woman, is to be seen coming from all directions, basket in hand. She has lost her hurried look and in its stead is the look of the business woman. Mary is home to-day and she feels she has a little more leisure. On Wednesday we met this busy little woman occasionally. To-day her name is legion. All roads lead to the market this bright Saturday morning. Those who are not going to market are coming from it. We follow our busy little woman as she picks her way through the crowd on King street.

And such a crowd! Truly the sun has returned to King street, but what a different sun! Everyone is in a hurry and everyone seems to know just what brings him or her to King street. As you look at the crowd one cannot but think what creatures of circumstance we all are. To-day it is difficult to distinguish our lady shopper from our busy little woman. Even the children are changed. You will look in vain for the eager, bright, laughing face with its nose flattened against the plate glass window. In its place you find a very quiet, demure little face and a basket.

Then new friends are seen. Coming toward us is a very energetic looking woman. Her dress is not trailing in the dust and her hair, while not untidy, looks as if the wind had played hide-and-seek in it not long since. She carries a huge empty basket and turns into the handiest grocery. The sale for butter and eggs has been brisk and she is now on her way to get the weekly supply of groceries. Hardly has she disappeared when another attracts our attention. This time it is a bright, rosy-cheeked young girl, very conscious of a pink ribbon and a new hat with roses. She is not particularly interested in butter and eggs and groceries, but she will be some day. To-day the windows and her friends in the crowd are her chief concern.

By this time the market square is reached. Here the crowd increases. The space in front is filled with men. It is the Rialto of Chatham. Here is a buyer for one of Chatham's grain merchants. He is standing around getting acquainted with the farmers, but keeping his eye "peeled" for a chance loan coming in. There are two old cronies who have not been seen each other for some time. They are talking about the harvest and the backward springs when the corn was ruined, etc. Near them are two or three men standing round waiting for "the missus" to sell her butter and do her trading. There is an unusual crowd around the blind music-man this morning and the measured sound of dancing is heard. Charlie is home from the Northwest and he has not heard a jig for months and months. But perhaps you do not know Charlie. He is a little grey-haired man with a clean-shaven face, dressed in a dark grey, ready-made suit. When he heard the music his eyes started to dance and then his feet seemed to catch the infection, for in a moment they were twinkling above the rough boards—much to the disgust of two women coming in opposite directions with baby carriages. They did not think people should be allowed to block the sidewalk. The spectators did not think the blockade should be allowed either, only they looked at the carriages as they thought instead of at Charlie.

Now we are fairly into the marketing crowd. If you have never seen Chatham market on a busy Saturday there is yet a pleasure in store for you. Everyone seems so busy and interested. If you are not interested in marketing the crowd push and jostle you in such a manner that you immediately become interested in extricating yourself. Then you become one of the crowd for you have something to attend to. How fresh and tempting everything looks. Here and there among the wagons filled with fresh spring vegetables are seen the wagons piled up with bright, gaudy flowers. To your left are huge clothes-baskets filled with fresh, dewy radishes presided over by bright-eyed little French women. Inside the shed are the yellow rolls of butter and baskets of eggs. Farther down outside in the fish market. Here you also find Felix and the frinket women with their wares. Truly this market is a wonderful place. You can even get a gold watch for a dollar and a half, which you are assured is worth at least twenty. Then there are baskets to the right of you, baskets of a wonderful place. You can be filled according to the whim of the owner. Our own is becoming too heavy for comfort, so we join the outgoing procession and soon are enjoying a necessary amount of sidewalk.

WHAT'S WORN.
The advent of the whole wash dress heralds the popularity of the sash. It will make its appearance on the

early summer gowns. They come in a variety of styles, but brightly flowered ribbon will be well to the front. Chiffon sashes will be seen on some especially elaborate gowns but they are too perishable to be very popular. Now that everything is long-waisted in front and belts are pulled down into a more or less pronounced "V" sashes will follow the same smart lines. The sashes will be worn crushed around the waist and fastened down in a point in front. The knot something like the sailor, only with one small upstanding loop is placed at the left side toward the front or at one side of the back, usually the right. Four yards is the usual length.

One pretty sash is of wide satin ribbon in a solid color, one of the elaborate pastel tints being used. The ends are finished with a deep knotted fringe.

Another sash has a plain ground, with flowers in natural colors gracefully sprayed along its length.

If your gown is tucked make your sash of silk to match the gown and tuck it either down the outer edges or across the ends. Insertion with the tucks is also considered quite smart.

Another fancy is to decorate the ends with a broad lattice design formed by narrow tucks with diamond shaped pieces of lace set in.

If your sash is of plain satin ribbon applique it with lace in a scattered pattern using butterflies, flowers or dainty bow knots.

The girl with the box of soiled colored ribbons for about three cents can be the possessor of a box of wearable ribbons. Put all your soiled ribbons except the white ones, in a fruit jar about half full of gasoline. Cover it tightly, shake a few times and allow to stand over night. In the morning, shake the ribbons but do not squeeze or wring. Hang them in the air to dry. If you put your white ribbons in the gasoline they will turn yellow. Be very careful not to use the gasoline near a fire or light.

WHAT'S EATEN.

In these days when salad is queen it would never do to pack our lunch basket without a salad. The morning before the picnic boil about a dozen medium sized potatoes in their jackets. Allow these to get perfectly cool. Then peel and chop not too fine. To the potatoes add a cucumber sliced thin together with a pinch of salt. One onion, chopped very fine, will be sufficient to flavor the potatoes, but if the flavor of onions is particularly desired four spring onions will not be too many. Mix the yoke of one hard boiled egg, one tablespoonful of the flower of mustard and a heaping spoonful of brown paste and two tablespoonfuls of thick cream. After this has been thoroughly mixed together stir in gradually a large cup of pickling vinegar. Pour this filling over the chopped potatoes and place in a cool place until the basket is to be packed. Put this away for a few days. It will come in handy. Take two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of salt. To this add from one-half to three-quarters of a cup of butter. Mix with milk to the consistency of pea crust. Put in a shallow tin and bake. While hot cut in two with a silk thread or a hot knife. Have ready a quart of fresh strawberries slightly crushed. Put these in the middle and on top. Serve with thick cream white hot.

HELEN HALL.

bishop backstreet of Exeter, Eng. And, whose retirement at the end of the year is announced, was consecrated with the bishop of Lincoln in St. Paul's cathedral in the presence of an immense congregation on St. Michael's day, 1885, when Canon Liddell preached his famous sermon on the "Apostolic Succession." Both bishops were nominated by Mr. Gladstone.

BUSINESS MAXIMS.

Bad examples are as valuable as good ones if you can recognize their badness. Mistakes should be like a summer shower and render experience more productive and profitable.

The clerk who will work who on are away as he does when you are present is valuable. Pay him a good salary. Once in awhile it is well to advertise that you are likely to make mistakes, but that they do not occur twice. Learn of your mistakes through your customers and then correct them.

Just because some men who have tried it say that advertising doesn't pay it is no sign that the thousands who spend millions of dollars a year for advertising are all fools. It looks a great deal as though the ones who didn't make it pay were the foolish ones.—Brains.

THE PEDAGOGUE.

Nail biting among French school children of both sexes has been the subject of study by Professor Berillon. His statistics show that the boys are in the majority. The girls prefer to nibble their penholders.

President George Harris of Amherst college is one of the few college presidents to study by Professor Berillon. His statistics show that the boys are in the majority. The girls prefer to nibble their penholders.

NO ARGUMENT NEEDED.



Every Sufferer From Catarrh Knows That Salves, Lotions, Washes, Sprays and Douches do Not Cure.

Powders, lotions, salves, sprays and inhalers cannot really cure Catarrh, because this disease is a blood disease, and local applications, if they accomplish anything at all, merely give transient relief.

The catarrhal poison is in the blood and the mucous membrane of the nose, throat and trachea tries to relieve the system by secreting large quantities of mucus, the discharge sometimes closing up the nostrils, dropping into the throat, causing distress by closing the Eustachian tubes, and after a time causing catarrh of stomach or serious throat and lung troubles.

A remedy to really cure catarrh must be an internal remedy which will cleanse the blood from catarrhal poison and remove the fever and congestion from the mucous membrane.

The best and most modern remedies for this purpose are antiseptics scientifically known as Eucalyptol, Gualacol, Sanguinaria and Hydrastin, and while each of these have been successfully used separately, yet it has been difficult to get them all combined in one palatable, convenient and efficient form.

The manufacturers of the new Catarrh cure, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets have succeeded admirably in accomplishing this result. They are large, pleasant tasting lozenges, to be

dissolved in the mouth, thus reaching every part of the mucous membrane of the throat and finally the stomach.

Unlike many catarrh remedies, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets contain no cocaine, opiate or any injurious drug, whatever, and are equally beneficial for little children and adults.

Mr. C. R. Rembrandt of Rochester, N. Y., says: "I know of few people who have suffered as much as I from Catarrh of the head, throat and stomach. I used sprays, inhalers and powders for months at a time with only slight relief and had no hope of cure. I had not the means to make a change of climate, which seemed my only chance of cure."

Last spring I read an account of some remarkable cures made by Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and promptly bought a 50-cent box from my druggist and promptly bought a box from that one package that I continued to use them daily until I now consider myself entirely free from the disgusting annoyance of catarrh; my head is clear, my digestion all I could ask and my hearing which had begun to fail, as a result of the catarrh, has greatly improved until I feel as healthy as well as ever. They are a household necessity in my family."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are sold by druggists at 25 cents for complete treatment and for convenience, safety and prompt results they are undoubtedly the long looked for catarrh cure.

SILK STRENGTH.

Corticelli sewing silk quality begins in the selection of the "raw" or "cocoon" silk.

Only the cocoons of large, strong worms are selected.

The worms are kept at a moderate temperature and develop slowly but strongly.

That raw silk costs more than the "forced" product of rapidly developed but weakly worms.

But only the best is used in Corticelli sewing silk.

That's why it is the strongest.

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

Parlor Suites

Made of Silk Tapestry, with buttoned backs, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00 and \$30.00.

Three Piece Suites, with Mahogany finished frames, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00.

Rug Suites of good and serviceable rugs, \$32.00, \$38.00, \$45.00, worth \$40.00, \$50.00 and \$60.00.

Bedroom Suites

A Special Line from \$10.00 to \$12.00. Do not fail to see these Suites.

Polished Oak Suites, with British bevel mirrors, \$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00.

We are offering a special line of CARPETS at 50c per yard, worth 60c and 65c per yard. Made and laid free of charge.

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4 lbs. Soda Biscuits, 25c.
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4 packages Corn Starch, 25c.
Dry Apples, 5c per lb.
Baking Powder, 10c per lb.
Sardines, 5c a can.
6 bars Sweet Home Soap, 25c.
Other goods at lowest prices.

Uned dishes to-day. Dinner sets, tea sets, chamber sets, at lowest prices for good goods.

Fancy ware 20 per cent off for to-day only.

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